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What is needed in the county is an expert on mounds. The one at the forks of Deer Creek a mile south of the town of Greenbank is shaped like the famous Grave Creek mound at Moundsville. The city has grown around the Grave Creek mound but there is an old drawing executed of that mound before the city was built, and in shape and general appearance, it serves perfectly for a picture of the one at Deer Creek which will hereinafter be referred to as the Warwick Mound.

The main trouble about calling this a tumulus, or artificial hillock, is that there are so many symmetrical ones of the kind, and in the hill country of this valley, that it is hard to believe that at one time there might have been a people who shaped these cones as monuments to the departed.

It is a singular thing however that the ancient drawing of the Grave Creek Mound might serve for the Warwick Mound also. The Grave Creek Mound has been explored and found to rest upon and cover a natural hillock. It contained two burial chambers, one in the natural hill, and the other directly above it, separated by thirty feet of earth. In these vaults were found skeletons, some four thousand beads, and a large quantity of mica, copper, and stone ornaments and articles.

That mound was 320 feet in diameter at the base, and seventy feet high and contains 1,800,000 cubic feet of solid contents. Without taking measurements a rough guess would be that it is about the size of the Warwick mound. Since I first mentioned it, I have made a second trip to the Warwick mound and found that it has suffered from erosion on the north side, the side on which the North Fork flows. This side has lost its smooth appearance, and it looks on that side like a cake at which the mice have been nibbling. It is practically a precipice on that side but it was possible to climb down with the aid of the bushes and examine the mound for strata of rock. Stratification is wholly absent and it is pretty certain that it is made up of earth and loose stones.

What I would like to know is whether this country was once the home of mound builders. I am not satisfied with the moraine theory for moraines, especially terminal moraines are formed of large boulders. However it is possible if not probable that at one time that mud may have been thrown around promiscuously by the forces of nature forming great mud heaps that have been shaped by the rains since then.

Squire Sutton called our attention to the Glade Hill, and I went there to examine it. I had heard of Glade Hill all my life but I supposed it was just another name for a mountain, but I found a marked formation there. In traveling from Frost to Dunmore on the state highway, just before the tourist comes to the break in mountain through which Stillington Creek flows, this hill is in sight in the broad fields that lie to the north of the road which the traveler leaves to the right as he enters the gorge of the creek where the perpendicular strata is to be observed. Note that at one place this strata projects outward like a great wall, and this is the wall that is said to creep forward so that it has to be chiseled off from time to time to let the traffic pass. And there is another scientific crow for you to pick.

Glade Hill looks from this long distance like a long green bunker in a golf course built by giants. It is about seven hundred steps long, and on its flat top about fifty steps across and it is about fifty feet high. The height is a pure guess. On one side of it a small run flows, and the other broad bottom lands stretch out to the big creek which runs parallel with it. The hill lies parallel with Alleghany mountain and is about six miles from the crest of the mountain. It is a part of a fine pasture field and when horses gallop on its top as often happens when they are being rounded up, there is a loud reverberation such as is to be noticed in pastures in limestone where there are caverns under the sod.

There are any number of small stones on top of the hill such as are known as river rock indicating beyond all question that they have been worn round and smooth in the bed of some stream. There is a limestone mountain to the west of Glade Hill just across the small stream at its base. The presence of the river rock on top show that this mound was thrown up by the forces of nature or by man. It is not a part of the original mountain formation.

It is unfortunate in any man to be pestered by a desire to know how these wonders came about. It is like the urge in a destructive child to take a clock to pieces. It is far far better to observe and enjoy these beautiful structures, whose builder and maker is God, than to wonder whether the uneasy glacier or the pride of men shaped them. In a country where the mountains arise in their grandeur to the heights of thousands of feet, and in a county that numbers its peaks by the thousand, these little hills sink into insignificance, and may well be skipped.

In a flat country it is not hard to identify those mounds that have been the work of the hands of man. It is supposed that the building of these great mounds or monuments belong to a race of prehistoric men, who may or who may not have been the ancestors of the Indian. It is certain that they do not endure like the pyramids of Egypt, which are built of cut stone. In my own time I have seen three mounds become level with the terrain. When I was a boy there was a distinct mound in the Hamilton field just east of the court-house. Another on the Jericho farm on the west side of the river. And one on the hill in front of the Johnson place on land now owned by C. J. Richardson.

These were all mounds several feet high and perhaps twenty or thirty feet in diameter. None of them could be found now by a stranger. There is a slight swelling on the surface of the earth where forty years ago there was a distinct mound. In each instance a bold elevation in the terrain was chosen as the place of burial of the Indian king, and on this was raised his sepulcher.

The largest mound in the United States is the Monk's Mound, in Madison County, Illinois, six miles east of St. Louis. This mound rises from the plain, and is nearly a mile around its base. Before the farming began at its base and sides it was surrounded by 45 smaller mounds all of which have been practically destroyed. The big mound is 99 feet high and is shaped like a pyramid. It covers fifteen acres. The top is composed of several plots of ground of different levels large enough for small fields. To build this mound would require the work of a thousand men for a period of some five years.

The moundbuilders must have had some extensive system of government to have commanded such a force for a public improvement of no economic value.

The Roman Catholic missionaries built a monastery on top of this mound, hence the name Monk's Mound. The solid contents represent about 22,000,000 cubic feet.

When I went to see Glade Hill which is about as big as Monk's Mound though of elongated shape, I found the place by going to Mr. Chas. Nottingham's. His house is west of it across the run. The country road winds by the mound. Mrs. Nottingham had about a pint of Indian beads or wampum which had been picked upon the place. It was the best wampum that I have yet seen from this vicinity. It was well preserved, though of course the polished surface had long disappeared. They very kindly let me take ten pieces of it away with me, that is I limited my cupidity to ten pieces and sent some arrow heads in exchange for the courtesy. I am like the lady; I am a descendant from Pocahontas and can prove it by a string of beads.

I was a long time seeing Glade Hill. As a matter of fact none of us know much about the surface of the earth if a man lived to be a thousand years old and spent all his time traveling in Pocahontas County, he could not begin to explore and get acquainted with every nook and cranny in its bounds. For instance, I never saw the lithic spring this side of Dunmore until the other day. Thousands pass along that road and never know that they go by one of the most desirable springs in the world. They call it the Lion Lithic. It comes out strong enough to turn a gristmill. The water is cold and clear.

At one place the water boils out of the ground with gas bubbles, and the sand in the bottom of this pool is in continual motion. The water is extremely light and a quart is about the right dose. I have no doubt that many a man has traveled that road as I have done often suffering with thirst not knowing that the spring bubbles out about 100 feet from the road. And it is the kind of water that makes a person get up from his bed and walk, like you read about in the Bible. If this reaches to the hot sands of the pleasure beaches on the sea coast, where a man can raise a thirst, let such readers remember that the way is open and they can reach the delectable mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, and the shade perfect, and the waters are sweet.

You never know what kind of an exposure I am going to make of my innermost feelings from week to week, but in that you have nothing on me for I do not know either. I am just a medium, and of course can not give to you anything that is not

given to me to say. But I do want to mention, as this treatise has assumed a slightly historical tone that I was at Lewisburg and tried to bring a realization to that community of the important place that it has played in the history of the United States. I came away as usual not knowing whether they were afflicted with a becoming modesty of the achievements of their pilgrim fathers, or were just the victims of crass ignorance. Surely they would have been riding on top of the world if they had had the New England conscience, which claims every thing, whether it belongs to them or not.

Boston makes much of its tea party. There some first class second story artists dumped a ship load of tea into the harbor as a protest against custom tax. What about the gentleman who owned the tea? It must have been hard on him. But that was nothing to what we men of the western waters done! We settled on the Indian reservation. The king ordered us to return. We tore up the notices. Then an Indian army started to put us out. We went through the form of law by asking for protection and the English government refused it. "Stay there and be killed, or come home and behave yourself," it says to us, or words to that effect. "We will do neither," was our reply. And we assembled an unlawful army at Lewisburg, and ever since then America has gone from strength to strength.

Lewisburg is the center of that uprising, the most notable and the most successful in the annals of the United States. What is a few pounds of tea in Boston, compared to the twenty-seven tons of flour that the Lewis army carried on pack horses on the old Midland trail. Great is New England with its Boston harbor, its Bunker Hill, its Concord, and its Lexington, but the seed of American liberty germinated at Lewisburg.

The old books all used the term rendezvous. It is the best term that could be used. Lewis had scouts out all summer among the log cabins urging the men of fighting age to render themselves at the spring in the Big Savannah. The answer everywhere was the same: "I will come as soon as I can save my corn." And when the corn was in shock, the eleven hundred men formed an army at Lewisburg, elected Gen. Andrew Lewis, commander, and started to Chillicothe. They fought the first battle of the Revolution, October 10th, 1774.

Greenbrier County was formed in 1777, and as far as I can learn there was not a recorded title for an acre of land in the county. It was a country of pioneers whose title papers consisted of a rifle gun.

Somewhat after the same manner, the men of the present generation rendezvoused at Lewisburg last Tuesday, to see about our road. This time our business was to call attention of the State authorities to the question of a practical thoroughfare through the State from north to south, for if there is one thing that Uncle Sam is particular about, it is the free intercourse between the states, and there were many ways to get into the State from the north but no way to get out except the long straight chute from Red House or Brookside to Glenlyn. We had waited a long time, but the money was running out and the road was not finished. Unfortunately in numbering this road the powers had not seen fit to give it one number, but had cut it into parts of three routes, 58, 56, and 24. So we went to Lewisburg and being powerless to number it, as that belonged unto the Road Commission, we gave it a name and called it the Seneca Trail, from the fact that it was the passageway of the Indians of the Six Nations. It would

not have been inappropriate, if that apt name had been lacking to have called it Averall's Road, for it was in these valleys that Averall maintained his successful campaigns during the Civil War with his mounted soldiers, having found in them, the military solution of the difficulties that had hitherto beset the campaigns of the mountain division.

Soon or late the fact will be recognized and the Seneca Trail will be the great north and south line of travel.

The enduring hills will take care of that. The attention of West Virginia historians is directed to certain salient facts. First, that tide water historians have not been enthusiastic over the accomplishment of the mountain men. We cannot take their construction of the causes and the effects of the activities in the mountains. Second, the journal of the House of Burgesses for the session of 1774, should be carefully studied, for it will show that the tide water delegates refused to authorize, much less finance, the Point Pleasant campaign. Third, when they assemble the facts, make their own deductions.

We have always clung to Virginia's ideas as to what was culture and intelligence. It is time that we were doing some claiming of our own, for if there is one thing certain in history it is that every man has to look out for his own skin.

The selection of C. W. Maxwell, of Elkins, as president of the Seneca Trail Association, was very appropriate. He has paid much attention to the history of the Seneca Trail and was one of the first, if not the first man in West Virginia, to realize that the attempt to make through roads out of either 2 or 4 was meeting with unusual difficulties. The traffic was landed at Charleston all right, but it was hard to get them farther on with out experienced guides. It began to look like they would have to ship them out by Lewisburg or by Huntington, when it occurred to Maxwell and some more of us, that they were neglecting the great war road of Ten Chief's or the Seneca Trail, and of General Averall, of the Union army.

It is to be hoped that as usual truth crushed to earth will rise again, the eternal years of God are hers.

The Maxwells had been inclined to shove the old war trail over onto the eastern waters after they got as far as Elkins, and this has been my dispute with them. The best documentary evidence that exists as to the trail show that it followed the Greenbrier and the Bluestone rivers into West Virginia. We even found a copy of the treaty embedded in a first Virginia code fixing it on the western waters. But the best evidence of all rests in the fact that there are many thousands of West Virginia citizens like myself who have lived without a break on the old trail and have first hand knowledge of where the trail actually laid. Such evidence would not only be good in history, but would be acceptable in a court of law.

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